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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
VICTOR CHERBULIEZ	39
GEORGE W. JULIAN	41
COMMUNICATION	41
A Reviewer Out of Perspective. <i>Frederick W. Gookin</i> .	
MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S REMINISCENCES. <i>E. G. J.</i>	42
OUR NATIONAL POLICY. <i>John J. Halsey</i>	45
DR. HALE'S COLLECTED WRITINGS. <i>Richard Burton</i>	46
THE LIFE OF EDWIN M. STANTON. <i>George W. Julian</i>	48
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	52
The latest from Lafcadio Hearn.—Railroading up-to-date.—An entertaining and truthful book on Empress Eugénie.—More of the Bible Dictionary.—Study of Economics in schools.—Recreations of a lawyer.—A capital Hibernian jest-book.—A woman on a Western ranch.	
BRIEFER MENTION	54
LITERARY NOTES	55
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	55

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

There are readers not a few to whom the death of Victor Cherbuliez will prove a loss altogether out of proportion to his importance as a figure in French literature. "I could have better spared a better man" will be the feeling, if not the utterance, of the many thousands to whom the long series of his novels have been an unfailing source of entertainment and delight. The appearance of a new book by this talented writer never brought with it the thrill of a prospective sensation, and never led, as far as we are aware, to any excited public discussion, ranging its friends and its enemies in two opposing camps. But the promise of each new novel (after the first few had given evidence of the writer's quality) aroused in the novelist's ever-widening audience a sense of quiet anticipatory satisfaction that was, perhaps, as fine a tribute to his merit as the loud outcries which heralded the books of the more conspicuous among his contemporaries.

No less than twenty-two novels have come from the pen of this industrious writer during the past thirty-five years. Most of them made their first appearance in "*La Revue des Deux Mondes*," for which periodical Cherbuliez became as much of a stand-by as George Sand had been during the preceding quarter-century or more. The list of the novels is as follows: "*Le Comte Kostia*," "*Prosper Randoce*," "*Paule Méré*," "*Le Roman d'une Honnête Femme*," "*Le Grand-Oeuvre*," "*L'Aventure de Ladislas Bolski*," "*La Revanche de Joseph Noirel*," "*Méta Holdenis*," "*Mias Rovel*," "*Le Fiancé de Mlle. Saint-Maur*," "*Samuel Brohl et Cie.*," "*L'Idee de Jean Téterol*," "*Amours Fragiles*," "*Noirs et Rouges*," "*La Ferme du Choquard*," "*Olivier Maugant*," "*La Bête*," "*La Vocation du Comte Ghislain*," "*Une Gageure*," "*Le Secret du Précepteur*," "*Après Fortune Faite*," and "*Jacqueline Vanesse*." A number of these novels have been translated into English, but the majority, we should say, have not thus been made accessible to those who do not read the original. And, in our opinion, an enterprising publisher in England or the United States would find his

account in a complete uniform edition of this series of books.

In attempting to characterize the work of Cherbuliez, it will be best to begin with a few negative statements. We have already said that his novels are not sensational; this statement may be amplified by noting that they offer no devotion to the goddess of lubricity, that they are neither erotic nor neurotic, and that they are concerned with problems only as the novelist finds problems useful for the illustration of character. Their delineative power is, moreover, not remarkable; it betrays the hand of the master-craftsman rather than that of the creative artist, and the entire gallery of figures includes few that remain living in the memory. When we compare the most studied of the types offered us by Cherbuliez with even the minor types of the "*Comédie Humaine*," this distinction becomes so obvious that it needs no argument. It may also be said that the novels of Cherbuliez have little or no atmosphere; they have instead a great deal of careful local coloring, and over them all is shed the dry light of the philosophical intelligence.

Essayng now a more positive sort of criticism, we must emphasize once more the unflagging interest of these books. The characters are galvanized into just enough of vitality to produce a fairly complete illusion when they are before us. They are, furthermore, arranged in extremely interesting relations with one another, and the ingenuity of the author in devising new situations is really extraordinary. An additional element of freshness is provided by the great variety of scenes to which we are introduced, and by the extent to which characters of other nationalities than the author's own are made to figure. The descriptive powers of the novelist are admirable, and we "skip" in reading him at the peril of missing something delightful or important. In fact, his readers soon learn that they cannot afford to "skip" him, for his books have almost no padding, and are finished in the minutest details. Economy of material, united with crispness in expression and deftness in the lesser touches of his brush, form a combination of qualities that go far toward explaining his charm. That he is both a man of the world and a scholar trained in the processes of exact thought are two further facts that are frequently borne in upon the reader's mind; the former by the ease of the author's manner when dealing with many diverse conditions of society, the latter by the

minute and accurate knowledge of a great range of subjects, displayed by him without ostentation as the particular occasion demands, and in the aggregate too extensive and solid to be accounted for by any theory of cramming or "reading up" for the special purpose at hand. When we add to all that has been said the fact that a gentle irony pervades his work, tempering its good sense and general sanity just enough to keep it from being dull and prosaic, we have, in a measure, at least, accounted for the feeling with which, having read every one of the twenty-two novels, and expecting to read all of them again in default of fresh ones, we heard the other day of the death of Victor Cherbuliez.

There is little to be learned from a chronological study of this man's books. He was one of those writers who early make their mark, and never alter it very much after it is once made. His first books and his last display about the same characteristics, and his qualities, together with their attendant defects, appear about as distinctly in the "*Comte Kostia*" of 1863 as in the "*Jacquine Vanesse*" of 1898. His best books are scattered among the others, and bear dates widely separated. We might name among them "*Le Roman d'une Honnête Femme*," "*Méta Holdenis*," and "*Le Secret du Précepteur*," but it seems invidious to single out even two or three, because the others are nearly as good. Still, those just named may be recommended to readers desirous of making the acquaintance of Cherbuliez; the taste once acquired may be trusted not to content itself with so little.

It should be remembered, also, that Cherbuliez did a great deal of writing that was not in the form of fiction. Indeed, his *début* as a man of letters marked him out for a critic of art and a student of antiquity rather than for a novelist. This book was entitled "*Un Cheval de Phidias*," further described as a series of "*Causeries Athéniennes*." A later volume of what was essentially art criticism was called "*L'Art et la Nature*." Cherbuliez was also a publicist and critic of contemporary society and politics, in this capacity writing regularly for "*La Revue des Deux Mondes*," under the pseudonym of "G. Valbert," for a long term of years. His miscellaneous papers upon these subjects were collected into a series of volumes bearing such titles as "*Profils Etrangers*," "*L'Espanne Politique*," "*L'Allemagne Politique*," "*Hommes et Choses d'Allemagne*," and "*Hommes et Choses du Temps Présent*."

Finally, we mention the fact that two of his novels, "Samuel Brohl" and "Ladislas Bolski," were dramatized by him, and won a certain success upon the boards.

Charles Victor Cherbuliez (to give him for once his unfamiliar full name) was born in Geneva, July 19, 1829. His death on the first of the present month thus found him within a few days of the completion of his seventieth year. He was descended from a Protestant family that had found refuge in Switzerland after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and in 1880 reclaimed his French citizenship under the provisions of the law provided for that purpose. His education was cosmopolitan, begun in Geneva, and continued in Paris, Bonn, and Berlin. In 1881 he became one of the Forty, and in 1892, an officer of the Legion of Honor. Long after his resumption of French citizenship he continued to live in Geneva, where he occupied a chair in the University. These are the chief facts of his externally uneventful career; his real life is revealed to us in the many volumes of his published writings.

GEORGE W. JULIAN.

George W. Julian, a public man and writer of distinction, died on the seventh inst. at his home near Indianapolis, Indiana, the State where he was born, in 1817. Mr. Julian was a lawyer by profession, but early in life entered politics, and became one of the most influential public men in the Middle West. He was one of the earliest and most determined of the abolitionists, and one of the founders of the Free Soil party, whose candidate for Vice President he was in the campaign of 1852. One of the organizers of the Republican party, he was allied with Lincoln and Trumbull and the great men who led that party to victory in 1860; and in Congress as a member of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, he had an important part in the events of that heroic time. Leaving the Republican party in 1872, to support Greeley for the Presidency, he did not again take a prominent part in politics, although he held the office of Surveyor-General of New Mexico under President Cleveland. Since that time he has devoted himself chiefly to books and writing. He published a volume of Political Recollections some ten years ago, and was a frequent contributor to periodicals. Many of THE DIAL's reviews of books in American history of the last half-century were by him, and his last literary work, a review of Mr. Gorham's Life of Secretary Stanton, appears in the present issue. In temperament and moral fibre, Mr. Julian represented the old school of public men now so nearly passed from American life.

COMMUNICATION.

A REVIEWER OUT OF PERSPECTIVE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In reading the review entitled "Aubrey Beardsley in Perspective," in THE DIAL of June 16, one is forcibly reminded of the saying that the domain of art is "a very paradise for the philosopher," so easy is it to make a show of wisdom, and by the use of high-sounding phrase and the exercise of skill in gliding over difficulties to lend to fallacious reasoning an air of plausibility. Nevertheless, he who has the temerity to pass upon the merit of a work of art ought to be very certain that his premises are sound and based upon a clearly-visioned "fundamental metaphysic," and that his logic is irrefragable. How often, one is tempted to ask, must the fundamental principle be iterated, before it becomes plain to every understanding, that, aesthetically considered, it is not so much *what* is done as *how* it is done that makes the difference in works of art. Granted equal merit in treatment and handling, that work will be the nobler which has the more exalted subject: but the subject, although there may be art in choosing it, is not in itself art; nor can the value of any man's work as art be estimated properly by discussing its ethical tendencies. Still less can we hope to arrive at a sound conclusion by the not uncommon practice of reading into the work meanings of which the artist never dreamt. It is true that art, in so far as it is a medium of expression, may be pressed into the service of any cause, ethical or other. Yet is it equally true that art, as such, is not ethical, neither moral nor non-moral, but aesthetic.

Whatever relative rank as an artist we may assign to Aubrey Beardsley, it must be admitted that he was an artist in the full sense of the word, and that, too, an artist who at the early age of twenty-two had already marked out a path and made a name for himself, who had so impressed his personality upon others that he had become the leader of a school and had a numerous band of followers, most of whom, be it said, only succeeded in copying the weaknesses rather than the strong points of the master. That many of his drawings are fantastically grotesque, and some of them even repulsive, no candid critic can deny. That this grotesquery was deliberately meant by Beardsley to be an expression of "evil" is in my opinion a reading into his work of something foreign to his intention. To me it appears rather as the expression of amused delight in shocking the supersensitiveness of prudes and in confounding the ignorance of those who confuse sentiment with art, whilst entertaining those who, with him, could see the drollery of it all, and feel the charm of the refinement of line, the carefully studied composition, and the beauty of detail, that are after all the chief qualities in his work. As Mr. Arthur Symonds puts it: "The secret of Beardsley is there; in the line itself rather than in anything, intellectually realised, which the line is intended to express."

Every young artist in the formative stages of his career is influenced to a greater or less extent by the works of other artists whom he admires. Even though we were not told by those who were close to him, it is apparent in his drawings that Beardsley was profoundly impressed by the subtle harmony, the exquisite balancing of the masses and flow of line, in the compositions of Botticelli; that he also found the same qualities in quite a different, yet related, manifestation in Japanese color-prints by the masters of the last century; that having studied the principles upon which these works were

based, he tried to carry them into his own productions. His delight and the aim which is plainly shown in everything he did, from the least to the greatest, is in beauty — beauty of composition, of line, of mass, of light and dark as related to each other, of all the elements that combine to make up what for want of a better term we call decorative effect. Being a man of strong imagination, he let his pencil play over the paper, and, being quick to seize upon any accidental form thus produced, he gradually developed a style having originality as well as individuality. As might be expected, only a small part of the public appreciated the finer qualities in his work, although they appealed readily enough to his brother artists. For the public generally he became merely the producer of amusing pictorial extravaganzas; and for the public, so far as its views about art are concerned, he became imbued with a lofty contempt. As Mr. Symons tells us, many of his drawings were merely "outrageous practical jokes," done simply from the desire "to kick the public into admiration, and then to kick it for admiring the wrong thing or not knowing why it was admiring." Yet in this way he gained the public eye, so to speak, and not only made himself famous but secured a ready market for his wares. Naturally his publishers influenced him in this course by giving commissions for the most ultra designs that he could produce. Thus, we may be assured, was he led on.

While Beardsley's work has thus a two-fold phase, the only side upon which it can be seriously considered is the decorative. The grotesque features are interesting because of the cleverness of the drawing and the unexpected touches that made each new production a thing unlike its predecessors. And there is always the subtle quality which we call style: the stamp of a strong individuality. This often redeems what would otherwise be hopelessly vulgar. Then, too, his work is daring, aggressive; it forces itself upon one's attention, and, whatever else it may be or may not be, it is never weak.

From the point of view of decorative effect, Beardsley's drawings have very considerable importance. Curiously enough, this is not so much because his achievement was great, for he never really advanced beyond the stage of interesting performance and brilliant promise. But he had decorative feeling of a high order; and when the force of his idiosyncrasies shall have been spent, it will, I am sure, be apparent that he rendered a great service to the cause of art in opening the eyes of the western world to the æsthetic value of dark and light masses as elements in pictorial composition. Had he lived, it is more than likely that he would have continued to point the way to a better knowledge of others of the fundamental principles that have been lost sight of, or so covered up as to be scarcely discernible, in the mad rush after ultra realism which until quite recently has dominated the art movement of the present generation.

In spite of its immaturity, I confidently predict that it is the early work of Beardsley which will earn for him the most enduring fame. What may be called his second manner is less vigorous, more labored, less spontaneous. Failing health undoubtedly accounts for something. Be that as it may, the second manner would probably have given way shortly to a third, and very likely a saner manner than either. If, on the other hand, he would have continued to produce only the trivial and bizarre, deliberately turning aside from subjects affording scope for the higher beauty which his friends assert that he had the power to create, then the world is little poorer because his career came to an early end.

Chicago, July 6, 1899.

FREDERICK W. GOOKIN.

The New Books.

MR. MCCARTHY'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

An English reviewer of Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Reminiscences," who evidently felt bound by his office to say something or other in dispraise of his author, scores him for being so pertinaciously and unconscionably good-humored. He admits that the book is fresh and entertaining — really a much better book than a man of Mr. McCarthy's unfortunate political views and party affiliations might be expected to write; and he, the reviewer, therefore regrets the more that Mr. McCarthy should prove so disappointingly unable to rise above his uniform dead level of amiability and sweet reasonableness, and say something unpleasant about somebody. We have not, of course, quoted this fastidious critic verbatim; but the above is about the substance of his finding. There is no disputing about tastes; and we own that our English friend's verdict struck us as being tantamount to asserting that Mr. McCarthy's book is impaired by one of its conspicuous merits. In fact, when taking a preliminary and pleasantly anticipatory glance through Mr. McCarthy's pages we had been charmed to note how fairly and considerately, with what unflinching urbanity, this active politician and journalist (practical politician and daily journalist, mark you) speaks even of people who must, in the usual course of things, have spoken quite otherwise of himself and his party. Not that Mr. McCarthy is all honey, or, better, all "blarney," throughout his eight hundred pages of retrospect. There are passages here and there that may possibly have escaped the eye of his Saxon censor: for example, his anything but flattering account of Charles Kingsley. This reverend champion of the unestablished order of things is roundly characterized as "about the most perverse and wrong-headed supporter of every political abuse, the most dogmatic champion of every wrong cause in domestic and foreign politics that his time had produced"; and his appearance upon the platform is thus described:

"Rather tall, very angular, surprisingly awkward, with staggering legs, a hatchet face adorned with scraggy gray whiskers, a faculty for falling into the most ungainly attitudes, and making the most hideous contortions of visage and frame; with a rough provincial accent, and an uncouth way of speaking which would be set down for caricature on the boards of a theatre. . . . Since Brougham's time nothing so ungainly and eccentric had been displayed upon an English platform."

* REMINISCENCES. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. In two volumes. With portrait. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. McCarthy's "Reminiscences" are not autobiographical. They are simply the author's recorded impressions and recollections of distinguished people he has known during his career, and they certainly go to show that from his youth up Mr. McCarthy has practised with skill the gentle art of making desirable acquaintances. From such prescriptive celebrities as Robert Owen and Lord Brougham down (chronologically, we mean) to Mr. Kipling, few of the larger literary, political, and social fish of Victorian times seem to have escaped the sweep of his net. The first great personage who figures in his pages is the Duke of Wellington. Mr. McCarthy did not exactly know the Duke, but he once heard him make a speech in the House of Lords. The speech was neither long nor eloquent; but it was Wellingtonian, and Mr. McCarthy was greatly impressed by it. A rash peer, it seems, had in the course of debate mildly ventured to say that he feared the "illustrious Duke" had not quite understood the measure before the House. The Duke rose, morally and physically, like Mrs. Gamp:

"My lords," he said, striking the table with an indignant gesture, "the noble and learned lord has said that I don't understand this Bill. Well, my lords, all I can say is that I read the Bill once, that I read it twice, that I read it three times, and if after that I don't understand the Bill, why then, my lords, all I have to say is that I must be a damned stupid fellow."

Apropos of Thackeray's alleged weakness for aristocratic rank, Mr. McCarthy tells a good story of a rather dense and notoriously tuft-hunting young acquaintance of his own, who also knew the great novelist, and had evidently bored him, as he had everyone else, with the list of his titled friends and connections. Says Mr. McCarthy:

"One day I met him at the Garrick Club, and he suddenly began to talk to me about Thackeray. 'Now, look here,' he said, 'you always refuse to believe that Thackeray worships the aristocracy. I'll give you a convincing proof that he does, a proof that I got only this very day. Do you see this cigar?' He held one out between his fingers, and I admitted that I did see it. 'Well,' he said, 'that cigar was given me by Thackeray; and do you know what he said when he was giving it to me?' I had to own that I could not form any guess as to what Thackeray might have said. So he went on with an air of triumph. 'Well,' he said, 'Thackeray's words to me were these: "Now, my dear fellow, here is a cigar which I know you will be delighted to have, because it is one of a box that was given to me by a marquis." Now what have you to say?'"

Mr. McCarthy admits that he had nothing to say, not even in praise of his young friend's nice sense of satire.

Mr. McCarthy devotes a few pages to Car-

lyle, of whom he tells a characteristic story, in connection with the poet Allingham. Allingham, the gentlest of men, disliked nothing more than a dispute. "A duel in the form of a debate" was positively painful to him; and while he had convictions, and the courage of them as well, the gentleness of his nature rendered him shy of asserting them. One evening, at Carlyle's, there was a discussion of the policy of a statesman then in office, and the sage denounced this politician and all his works at great length and with unusual energy. When his fury had spent itself, Allingham, who had been listening throughout in silence, mildly suggested that after all something might be said on the other side. Carlyle broke out with:

"Eh! William Allingham, ye're just about the most disputatious man I ever met. Eh! man, when ye're in one of your humors you'd just dispute about anything."

Mr. McCarthy knew John Bright well, and he once had an argument with him as to the propriety of introducing or portraying bad characters in imaginative literature. Every novel, Mr. Bright held, would be better were there no bad people in it. When asked if he thought the public would take an interest in romances that were written on this plan, he contended that the public would be very glad in the end to be educated up to such a point of artistic morality. Confronted with the examples of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and Goldsmith, Mr. Bright stood by his colors, and maintained that "Ivanhoe" would be better without Bois-Guilbert, "Nicholas Nickleby" without Squeers, "Vanity Fair" without Becky Sharp, the "Vicar of Wakefield" without Squire Thornhill, and so on. Hard pushed with the example of Shakespeare, he nailed his colors to the mast, and held that "Othello" would be better without Iago. Had Mr. McCarthy cited Falstaff, we fancy Mr. Bright must have struck; but as it was, he went on with the feeble old argument (we have seen it applied, *mutatis mutandis*, much more effectively to the "bores" of Messrs. Howells and James) that:

"The very fact that there are bad persons in real life and that we are sometimes compelled to meet them is the strongest reason why we should not be compelled to meet them in the pages of fiction, to which we turn for relief and refreshment after our dreary experience of unwelcome realities."

At this point Mr. McCarthy did not make bold to say, with Dr. Johnson, "Sir, this is sorry stuff; do n't let me hear you say it any more," but went on to stagger, as he hoped, Mr. Bright with the instance of his favorite

Milton. Here, says Mr. McCarthy, "I thought I had got him at last." For how on earth could anybody, even the most scrupulous of "parliamentary hands," argue seriously that "Paradise Lost" would be a better poem were Satan cast out of it! But Mr. Bright was ready with his defense:

"He argued that the demoralizing effect of introducing bad men and women into novels, or into poems, was because weak-minded readers might be led into admiration for them, and might be filled with a desire to imitate them; whereas it was absolutely out of the power of any mortal man or woman to imitate Satan or Beëlzebub." Thinking the thing over calmly, we have our doubts as to the exact truth of Mr. Bright's closing statement.

Mr. McCarthy has a capital chapter on "Boston's Literary Men." He met Emerson in 1871, and spoke with him of Walt Whitman:

"Emerson told me that he had had and still retained a strong faith in Whitman as possibly the first poet to spring straight from the American soil without foreign graft or culture of any kind. But he explained that Whitman had an artistic creed of his own, which it was difficult for anyone else to accept—a creed which denied the right of artistic exclusiveness, and even of artistic selection—a creed which held that everything that was found in nature was entitled to a place in art. . . . Emerson spoke with gentle amused deprecation of Whitman's theory, but frankly owned that it made Whitman almost an impossibility for ordinary social life."

Some months later, the author met Whitman himself, in Washington. The poet was shabbily lodged in a garret, in a crowded building; and at first glance Mr. McCarthy was rather in doubt which of the two current conceptions of him to accept—the one which figured him as really a man absolutely indifferent to public opinion, to comforts and conventions, or the one which represented him as a *poseur* who deliberately "went in for" being a penniless poet, who got himself up picturesquely for the part, and who thrust his poverty on the public as vainly and ostentatiously as Jim Fisk flaunted his wealth. The *mise en scène* was perfect. There was the truckle-bed, the shaky washstand, the pair or so of rickety chairs, the shelf with the cut loaf of bread, the shabby desk and table strewn with the scribbled sheets of ill-paid genius. A theatre-goer "would only have to see the curtain rise on such a scene to know that the poverty-stricken poet was about to be 'discovered.'" Mr. McCarthy was not long kept halting between the two current opinions:

"I read the story of Walt Whitman's room the moment I had looked into the eyes of the good old poet himself. If ever sincerity and candor shone from the face of a man, these qualities shone from the face of

Walt Whitman. . . . There was a simple dignity in his manner which marked him out as one of nature's gentlemen. . . . He found good-natured fault with some of the friends who had gone too far, he thought, in sounding his praises throughout England; and he altogether disclaimed the idea that he considered himself as a man with a grand mission to open a new era for the poetry of his country. . . . Nothing could be less like the manner of a man who desires to attitudinize than was the whole bearing of Walt Whitman. . . . I felt sure that I now knew what Walt Whitman was himself, and that the charm of real manhood was in him and in all that he wrote."

It may be remembered that Matthew Arnold, when lecturing in this country, usually resolutely declined to conform to the custom which often compels the distinguished foreign lecturer, after he has finished his address, to remain in the hall and undergo the felicitations and the scrutiny of his audience. Not a few worthy people incline to regard this informal social function or levee at the close of the lecture as the redeeming feature of an evening of unwonted intellectual strain, and as a gratification to which the purchase of a ticket of admission fairly entitles the bearer. They therefore felt themselves slighted, and even deprived of something they had paid for, by Mr. Arnold's insular habit of eluding them by leaving the hall by the back-door or the fire-escape, as soon as he had finished what he conceived to be his part of the contract. This conduct on Mr. Arnold's part was due, Mr. McCarthy assures us, mainly to his native unpretentiousness and dislike of being lionized, and not at all to superciliousness or to the unsociable promptings of that refrigerator-like temperament ascribed to him by the American press. Says Mr. McCarthy:

"There was nothing ungracious in the mood which prompted this resolve; indeed, nobody who knew Matthew Arnold could easily conceive the idea of anything ungracious on his part; only he was not endowed with that 'terrible gift of familiarity' which an envious opponent ascribed to Mirabeau, and he knew that he never could be in his element in trying to exchange compliments with a crowd of perfectly unknown admirers. . . . Travelling in the States, three years after Matthew Arnold had returned to Europe, I can say that he had not shown himself in any sense an ungenial or unsociable visitor; and that I came across many a household which he had gladdened by his ready and kindly acceptance of a hospitable invitation, and by his pleasant and companionable ways as a guest."

Mr. McCarthy's book is the fruit of a sojourn at a quiet seaside resort, where the making at odd times of uncompulsory "copy" was a recreation. Had Mr. McCarthy written amid the stress and fever of London life his pages might not have been so thoroughly imbued with that kindness which stung the soul of his

English reviewer. The book reflects the conditions of its composition. It is easy, rambling, informal; and it has the charm and the defects of those qualities. The author has plainly given the rein to memory, and the stream of reminiscence wanders at will. One name, one story, has suggested another; and the pen has followed the pleasantly devious current of the thought. The book might have been bettered in some ways by careful revision. The reader familiar with Mr. McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times" will note here and there in the "Reminiscences" an old story re-told, an old thought re-worded. The style is, as usual, rich, picturesque, and allusive—rather founded on Macaulay, we should say, but not imitative. We have long regarded Mr. McCarthy as the prince of literary journalists and journalistic historians; and it is pleasant to find that years have not staled his attractiveness or dulled his animation. These beautifully-made volumes stand very near the top of the list of the season's reminiscential books.

E. G. J.

OUR NATIONAL POLICY.*

Dr. Jordan's volume entitled "Imperial Democracy" contains eight essays and addresses, published or delivered, with one exception, since the war with Spain began. One notes with gratification that President Jordan's literary style has gained, in finish as well as in precision, since he went to Leland Stanford University. One notes also, with a deeper satisfaction, that throughout these pages one is speaking who has abiding convictions as to the "manifest destiny" of the American people, and who is fearless to utter them in the face of one of the fiercest *jehads* that has ever threatened free speech. Not since the days of the assault in the United States' Congress on John Quincy Adams and Joshua Giddings for their grand defence of the sacred right of petition, has public opinion in this country been so swayed by ignorant and servile intolerance as during the past six months. The press of the country, with a few honorable exceptions, has worked itself into such a state of mind as would be gratefully appreciated by a Cæsar or a Napoleon, and a state of popular opinion has been produced which it requires considerable courage to question. Men are already debating the proposition that instructors in our universities are to be required to express no opinions

publicly on questions of public policy unless they agree with the powers that be. In the face of such an attempt at terrorism as savors of Russia rather than of America, it is refreshing to read such calm and deliberate discussion of this vexed subject of American "imperial policy" as President Jordan gives us in these addresses. Under date of May 25, 1898, he says to the graduating class of his university:

"The war has stirred the fires of patriotism, we say. Certainly, but they were already there, else they could not be stirred. I doubt if there is more love of country with us to-day than there was a year ago. Real love of country is not easily moved. Its guarantee is its permanence. Love of adventure, love of fight, these are soon kindled. It is these to which the battle spirit appeals. Love of adventure we may not despise. It is the precious heritage of new races; it is the basis of personal courage; but it is not patriotism; it is push. . . . Patriotism is the will to serve one's country; to make one's country better worth serving. It is a course of action rather than a sentiment. It is serious rather than stirring.

"Our heroes were with us already. In times of peace they were ready for heroism. The real hero is the man who does his duty. It does not matter whether his name be on the headlines of the newspapers or not. His greatness is not enhanced when a street or a trotting horse is named for him. It is the business of the Republic to make a nation of heroes. The making of brave soldiers is only a part of the work of making men. The glare of battle shows men in false perspective. To one who stands in its light we give the glory of a thousand."

In the address before the Graduate Club of Leland Stanford University, delivered February 14, 1899, he says:

"I hear many saying, 'If only Dewey had sailed out of Manila harbor, all would have been well.' This seems to me the acme of weakness. Dewey did his duty at Manila; he has done his duty ever since. Let us do ours. If his duty makes it harder for us, so much the more we must strive. It is pure cowardice to throw the responsibility on him. . . . If Dewey captured land we do not want to hold, then let go of it. It is for us to say, not for him. It is foolish to say that our victory last May settled once for all our future as a world power. It is not thus that I read our history. Chance decides nothing. The Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Emancipation Proclamation, were not matters of chance. They belong to the category of statesmanship. A statesman knows no chance. It is his business to foresee the future and to control it. Chance is the terror of despotism."

In a letter to the editor of "The Outlook," dated April 26, 1899, after asking some searching questions of that jingoistic representative of the religious press, Dr. Jordan thus concludes:

"Do what you will with the Philippines, if you can do it in peace,—but stop this war.

"It is our fault, and ours alone, that this war began. It is our crime that it continues.

"We make no criticism of the kindly and popular President of the United States, save this one: He does not realize the wild fury of the forces he has unwillingly

*IMPERIAL DEMOCRACY. By David Starr Jordan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

and unwittingly brought into action. These must be kept instantly and constantly in hand. The authority to do rests with him alone, and if ever 'strenuous life' was needed in the nation, it is in the guiding hand of to-day. The ship is on fire. The Captain sleeps. The sailors storm in vain at his door. When he shall rise, we doff our hats in respectful obeisance. If we have brought a false alarm, on our heads rests the penalty."

The whole attitude of the jingo press since February toward the opponents of the administration policy in the Philippines has been one of misconception and misrepresentation. A large number of thoughtful American citizens were of the opinion, after the "Maine" disaster, that war with Spain was not necessary to the liberation of Cuba from Spanish tyranny. They believed that the steady pressure which President McKinley had for more than a year been exerting in Cuban affairs would in good time bring its reward in autonomous government for that unhappy island. But when Congress, driven by popular excitement and newspaper frenzy, rushed the administration into war, they gave it their loyal and hearty support. In due process of time the conquest was completed and military governments were set up in Porto Rico and Cuba, where in the best spirit of American institutions a class of administrators who cannot be bought or intimidated have done much to make American rule acceptable and popular. All that was done in those islands was done in close touch and sympathy with their representative men. The contention of the so-called anti-imperialists is that this has not been done in the island of Luzon. They maintain that the same masterful and wise policy that was pursued in the Antilles should have been pursued in the Philippines — that there should have been a *policy*, instead of the hand-to-mouth methods initiated as far back as the Protocol. They see no reason to believe that if adroit conciliation had been used with Aguinaldo, as with Gomez, the superiority of the Saxon, morally and intellectually, would have triumphed peaceably in the one case as it did in the other.

Moreover, those among them who have a knowledge of international and political as well as of constitutional law have never questioned the full and sovereign power of the United States to perform any sovereign act open to any other nation, and consequently to annex any territory wherever its power was physically adequate, if thought expedient. Their proposition has been, not that this attempt to force a government on the Filipinos is unconstitutional, but that it is wrong. As Dr. Jordan well says, "The Constitution is an agreement to secure

justice and prudence in our internal affairs. Its validity is between state and state and between man and man." It does not govern our international relations. Those are governed by a higher than man-made law — the law of God as evolved in human conscience and human recognition of eternal justice. To this law the thoughtful opponent of jingoism points the American people to-day. He holds, moreover, that an administration which has pursued a firm and wise course in Cuba has adopted, without due reason, a dissimilar one in the Philippines. Admiral Dewey, and more than one prominent officer of our army, have borne testimony to the political intelligence and general fitness for good government of the Filipinos; and yet these are the people who have been forced into those occasional acts of savagery which may always be expected among those who resent injustice by a policy the very reverse of that conceded to the Cubans. It would seem that nearly every presumption that existed a year ago in the Malay mind in favor of the sons of free and fair and tolerant America has been destroyed, and that it has been gone about deliberately to make these inferior races feel that the autocracy of the Yankee differs from that of the Don only in the superior military ability with which it can enforce injustice. If we cannot by persuasion and moral superiority induce other races to accept the better government which we are undoubtedly capable of giving them, it were better that they go ungoverned all their days. For the thoughtful student of American institutions must ever continue to maintain that our highest mission among the nations of the world is to set a high and imitable example of good and fair government, based always upon the intellectual acceptance of, and enshrined in the hearts of, the governed.

JOHN J. HALSEY.

DR. HALE'S COLLECTED WRITINGS.*

When the works of a contemporaneous writer receive embodiment in a definitive edition, a certain stamp of classicality seems to be set upon him,—so far, at least, as the word "classical" can be applied to literature that is current. This distinction has befallen Dr. Edward Everett Hale in his ripe old age; and not improperly. With Colonel Higginson, Dr. Hale stands as the last of the Old Guard whose

*THE COLLECTED WORKS OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE. Library edition, in ten volumes, with Photogravure Frontispieces. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

services to our native literature have been so important for its formative period. Dr. Hale's intimate knowledge of the older Boston, Cambridge, and Concord, his familiar association with the elder group of New England *literati*, are in themselves enough to make him an interesting figure in American letters. But he has been not only in it, but of it; contributing his share to a culture-centre whose influence has shaped all subsequent development. Some sense of this is got as one dips into his recent book of memories of Lowell and his friends, which, like Mr. Higginson's "Cheerful Yesterdays," recalls so much of a time already touched with the glamour of the historic, and hence fascinating to read about.

But Dr. Hale's own contributions to our literature have been voluminous and in some cases conspicuous. He has been, as everybody knows, a man of great and varied activity, within and without literature. He has written with his eye on the object, — in the foreign phrase, — and that object the amelioration of humanity. Life has, to him, meant more than literature, as it has come to mean more to Mr. Howells; and literature has had its chief value as it has expressed the highest life. This aim, and this manifold display of energy, unite to explain his merits and his shortcomings as a writer. The fact that he has produced rapidly, and has not always judged his own work with the extreme rigor of the conscientious stickler for technique, is understood when we realize that he has written as a moral teacher rather than as an artist primarily. It is with a consciousness of the practical pressure and purpose behind his labor that he uses these words in the very charming preface to the opening volume of this beautiful ten-volume edition; words intended to apply to another, but also, as he implies, well fitting his own case:

"If it were his duty to write verses, he wrote verses; to fight slavers, he fought slavers; to write sermons, he wrote sermons; and he did one of these things with just as much alacrity as another."

We all know that absolute accomplishment in one particular *genre* is not thus attained; but we also know that the life and the life influence may be broader and better for that very reason. In this tendency to disperse himself generously according to the needs of the moment, Dr. Hale is like such other of the elder writing men as Whittier and Lowell. Indeed, one might go further, and say that this is a characteristic of American literature, as a whole, especially in its earlier manifestations.

It is in fiction that Dr. Hale made his ten-strike: once at least he produced in this kind a representative piece of creative literature — something that must always rank high amongst our short story writing. With a sense of this, no doubt, the publishers have introduced the series with a volume entitled "The Man Without a Country, and Other Stories." The famous title-tale, to which the author furnishes some valuable prefatory comment, remains a brilliant allegory, an inspiration to patriotism in the noblest sense, and an example of flawlessly wrought imaginative fiction. Dr. Hale could afford to rest on his laurels, after doing it. Very interesting is his explanation of the curious muddle arising from his use of the name of Philip Nolan for the hero of the story — a mistake he tried to rectify afterwards by writing "Philip Nolan's Friends," included in one of the later volumes of the present edition. When the Doctor chose the name, he was quite unaware that it was borne by any real person; and not till later did he discover that the historical Philip Nolan, well remembered in the Southwest, was shot by the Spaniards in Texas in 1801, — so that the story-teller had (apparently) been taking unwarrantable liberties. The whole episode is an amusing illustration of the dangers of fictional nomenclature.

Of the other nine short tales making up this initial volume, the best known is "My Double and How He Undid Me," an ingenious idea not worked off with quite the lightness of touch necessary to complete success. It is just the motive for a Stockton. The second volume is headed by Dr. Hale's most acceptable piece of longer fiction, "In His Name," the sterling historical sketch which deals with the pathetic story of the Waldenses of Lyon in the twelfth century; the balance of the book being taken up with holiday stories like "Christmas Waits in Boston," "They Saw a Great Light," and "Daily Bread." The frank didacticism does not seriously interfere with the author's freshness of invention and vigor of narrative, though it does lend his work, confessedly, an old-fashioned flavor. The brief "Hands Off" is a striking handling of the text "From what I call evil, He educes good." The plan of the edition embraces half a dozen works of fiction and social sketches, a volume of sermons (which shows a sternly selective instinct in so steady a sermonizer as Dr. Hale has been, *ex officio*); a volume of essays on social subjects; a volume devoted to the autobiographic sketch "A New England Boyhood" (possessing an interest similar to

that of the books in the same vein by Mr. Warner and Mr. Howells); and a volume on "The History and Antiquities of Boston." As an essayist, Dr. Hale's qualities are familiar. He has a sense of humor which gratefully relieves the strenuousness of his tone and seriousness of his purpose. It may be said of his writings in general that the reader is perforce bidden into personal relations with the author: the manner is heartily confidential. This is always a head-mark of your true essayist. The new prefaces, written expressly for this edition, are one of its main attractions: unlike most prefaces, they justify themselves, for Dr. Hale is peculiarly happy when talking about these children of his brain and heart. He hits just the right note of genial reminiscence. It must be a comfort to him to feel that his collected writings have thus received a permanent and handsome embodiment, for on the mechanical side these volumes, in æsthetic gray-green with gold lettering, and bold agreeable type, are a credit to all concerned. The beloved author's many admirers, new and old, will welcome the opportunity to add to their libraries what we trust may not be called, in the horrid idiom, for years to come, his "literary remains."

RICHARD BURTON.

THE LIFE OF EDWIN M. STANTON.*

The chief interest and importance of Mr. Gorham's two octavo volumes must lie in the history of Stanton's work in the War Department. It was there that his great qualities — intellectual power, masterful will, integrity, patriotism, tireless activity, and intense enthusiasm — enabled him to perform a service second to none during the most stormy and critical period of our national life. The public has waited long for this biography. Why so many years have passed without any attempt to tell the story it is hard to say. Perhaps the chief reason may be found in the fact of Stanton's absolute independence, and the further fact that in the vast and many-sided work he had to do he had not time for the little courtesies and amenities which attract people. He offended many by the abruptness and unceremoniousness of his manner. "He was the man who said 'no' for the government when it had to be said, no matter how distasteful or offensive it might be to those to whom it was addressed." The

* EDWIN M. STANTON. *Life and Public Services*. By George C. Gorham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

man who says "no" is bound to be disliked by narrow partisans and place-hunters, who communicate their petty prejudices to others. Of all public men, Stanton seems to have cared the least about what was said of him. He never replied to attacks upon himself. But when Horace Greeley, after the victories of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, wrote of Stanton as "the minister who organized" those victories, he was quick to disclaim such credit in a letter to the "Tribune" in which he said:

"Who can organize victory? Who combine the elements of success on the battlefield? We owe our recent victories to the spirit of the Lord, that moved our soldiers to rush into battle, and filled the hearts of our enemies with terror and dismay. . . . What, under the blessing of Providence, I conceive to be the true organization of victory and military combination to end this war was declared in a few words by General Grant's message to General Buckner, — 'I propose to move immediately upon your works.'"

Men might tell all manner of lies to his discredit: this troubled him only because it grieved and dismayed his friends; but such was his sense of honor that undue-praise he could not bear. In a private letter to the Rev. Heman Dyer, a friend of his youth, in May, 1862, giving the real facts of the difficulty between himself and McClellan, it plainly and beautifully appears that the motives governing all his conduct of public affairs were such as "over-leap time and look forward to eternity." The deep religious strain in Stanton's make-up constantly appears, and it was his implicit trust in the success of righteousness and justice that gave him so little patience with halters and trimmers. He was one of the rare *crucible* men, in contact with whom individuals were at once reduced to their component parts. His instinctive insight into men and things was what gave him his marvellous grasp of the whole situation throughout the war. The man who thus sees through other men, and shows that he sees through them, may be a very great power; he is not likely to be popular, or "by flatterers besieged." Perhaps it is well that his biography has been delayed so long. There has been time for many passions and prejudices to die out, and it is more possible to view the scene and its actors in their true light.

Edwin McMasters Stanton was born at Steubenville, Ohio, in 1814. His father, a physician with a good practice, died thirteen years later, leaving a family of four children with very limited means, so that Edwin, the oldest, had to leave school and take employment in a bookstore, where he remained four

years. He kept up his studies all the while, and being ambitious for further educational advantages he entered Kenyon College at the age of seventeen; but he was not able for financial reasons to finish the course, and left during his junior year, to enter upon the study of law. In 1836 he was admitted to the bar, married, and entered with energy upon what seemed his life work in the profession in which his whole ambition was centred and in which he had a singularly successful and brilliant career for twenty-five years, until he took his seat in the cabinet of President Buchanan. The chapter detailing how the boy Stanton "went over to Jackson" is exceedingly readable, and illustrates one or two characteristics that manifested themselves very early in his life. Dr. Stanton had been a firm adherent of Clay and Adams, and if his son had been like most sons he would doubtless have inherited his father's political and other views. But even as a small boy he had been considered self-reliant, positive, and somewhat imperious, though not combative or abusive. When the promulgation of Calhoun's nullification doctrine called forth President Jackson's immortal proclamation of December, 1832, in which he asserted the supreme authority of the national government on all subjects intrusted by the Constitution to federal control, young Stanton at once turned his back upon old political associations and enlisted with all the enthusiasm and zeal of his nature in the cause of the Union. This was significant, as showing his disposition to think for himself and to stand on his own feet, and his sympathy with Democracy; for Jackson, whatever his faults, was a real believer in the people—the rank and file of humanity.

Stanton's career as a lawyer is admirably given. He steadily rose in his profession, and was engaged in many important cases, some of them of national fame. As a speaker he was earnest and eloquent, having, it is said, two different styles, one a vehement style adapted for a jury, while before the Supreme Court at Washington he was calm, deliberate, and impressive, carefully avoiding all exuberance of feeling. Perhaps no lawyer ever better prepared himself in advance. He carefully mastered both sides of every case, and few men have been capable of such prodigious and incessant mental labor. Activity was his delight, and when one piece of work was finished he turned to fresh tasks with the appetite and inspiration of youth.

Being much engaged in Supreme Court practice, he removed to Washington in 1856, after residing successively at Cadiz, Steubenville, and Pittsburg. Although his legal business occupied him to the exclusion of all political interests, such a man could not but have very pronounced views on the questions then before the public. The supporter of Jackson and Van Buren, he had been opposed to nullification, secession, a national bank, state bank monopoly, and a high tariff. With the defeat of Van Buren, in 1844, his political enthusiasm somewhat cooled; but in 1848 he was for the Free Soil ticket, his sympathies being openly with the Northern Democrats in their resistance to Southern domination within the party. In 1852 Stanton's interest in politics was so slight that he did not even attend the National convention which met in Baltimore, although he was in Washington at the time. Although he took no part in the canvass of 1856, and had no vote, being a resident of Washington, he stood unmistakably on the side of President Buchanan in his Kansas policy of 1857-8, and two years later regarded the salvation of the country as hanging on the election of Breckenridge. In a word, Stanton was a Democrat prior to and including 1861, opposed to slavery, but a firm upholder of the laws constitutionally enacted for its protection.

"That he believed the success of the Republican party would endanger the Union, and that he adhered to the extreme wing of the Democratic party after it had subordinated all other questions to the protection of slavery in the rights guaranteed it by the Constitution, as interpreted by the United States Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, must be admitted. That when the apprehended danger to the Union followed Republican success, he rose superior to all party trammels, and in the cabinet of Mr. Buchanan acted with high courage and the most unselfish patriotism, none can deny."

On the 20th of December, 1860, Stanton was appointed Attorney-General by President Buchanan. The review of the political situation at that time is graphically given in Chapter XII., in which it appears that the election of Lincoln was expressly desired and planned for by the extreme Southern leaders as a pretext for the long-threatened dissolution of the Union, for which steps had been taken in advance by South Carolina. The disunion conspiracy, involving Secretary of the Treasury Howell Cobb, Secretary of War Floyd, Assistant Secretary of State Trescott, Quartermaster-General Joseph E. Johnston, and others, is well stated; and one is simply amazed that treason should ever have gained such a foothold in the national councils, or, having gained

it, that it should ever have been circumvented. It was well known during the closing months of Buchanan's term that a revolution was brewing; but what was its extent, and whether it would be precipitated immediately after the election, thus taxing all the patriotism and energies of the outgoing administration, or whether the crisis might be delayed until the advent of Lincoln to power, were questions earnestly considered by Buchanan and his advisers, as is shown in the next few chapters. The attitude of Judge Jeremiah S. Black, then Attorney-General, in November, 1860, as to the authority of the Federal Government over a State that asserts its independence, and the way in which President Buchanan bettered his instructions in his message of December 3, are well sketched. It is sickening to consider the miserable weakness and cowardice and blindness of Buchanan during those days while bloody treason flourished all around him. On the 20th of December, South Carolina declared the Union dissolved; and on the same day Edwin M. Stanton was appointed Attorney General in place of J. S. Black, who had succeeded Lewis Cass as Secretary of State and refused to accept this latter position when Stanton was made Attorney-General. They had long been close friends, and Black was certainly not calculating without his host in this matter, for if anyone could guide him and his chief out of the perils that surrounded them, it was Stanton.

Space forbids us to go into the details of Stanton's work for the Northern cause, which he clearly saw was the cause of his country, during the closing months of Buchanan's administration. It is all summed up in the statement that his loyalty to the Union was a passion, dominating his every thought and act. "He set on foot inquiries as to the purposes of the secessionists in Washington and vicinity, and prosecuted them with untiring zeal. He made proselytes and denounced heretics. To Democrats and Republicans he set the example of sinking partisanship in the service of the Union." He took the lead, and was most assiduous in creating the pressure under which President Buchanan finally gave orders for the presence of troops to guard the capital against the secessionists. If with Stanton at that time patriotism went before humanity, the same must be admitted of Abraham Lincoln, who was willing to place the nation under perpetual bonds to keep the peace toward slavery, and even to see it extended into New Mexico rather

than see the Union perish or even encounter the perils of a war for its preservation. Stanton's presence in Buchanan's cabinet was felt at once. Mr. Gorham says he instantly changed the tone of its deliberations, and in a

"Discussion as to the binding force of a shuffling unofficial agreement to leave Sumter unprotected thundered out the blunt truth to Floyd and Thompson, that they were advocating the commission of a crime for which, if committed, they ought to be hanged, and were urging the President to an act of treason for which, if performed, he could be impeached, removed from office, and punished under the penal code. Floyd, who had up to that very time posed as a unionist, now appeared in his true character, and gave up the contest by resigning. Thompson soon followed, on a false pretense, and Thomas, Cobb's successor, followed him. The President surrounded himself with a patriotic cabinet, and thus escaped the fate false friends had been preparing for him."

Well did Attorney-General Hoar, after Stanton's death, picture him as standing manfully at his post during those ten dark weeks of that winter of national agony and shame, giving what nerve he could to timid and trembling imbecility, and meeting the secret plotters of their country's ruin with an undaunted front, until before that resolute presence the demons of treason and civil discord appeared in their own shape as at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, and fled baffled and howling away.

Stanton's distrust and dislike of Lincoln during the first months of his administration are clearly set forth, and the story of how these two men found each other out and gradually came to see through the same glasses is one of those pleasing features which give to history the charm of romance. During all the time from March 4, 1861, to January 15, 1862, although a member of Lincoln's cabinet, Stanton never once met the President. He was not alone in his harsh and bitter feeling toward Lincoln's administration for its early halting movements; and the Union Democrats were no more outspoken in their denunciations than were many Republicans at that time. The disgraceful scramble for office which turned the government into a vast patronage distributor when the nation seemed literally "lying supinely on its back, while its enemies bound it hand and foot," aroused the indignation of earnest patriots in all parts of the country. Men of Stanton's temperament could have no patience with the policy which spent the summer in explaining to weak Unionists that it was quite constitutional to return rebel blows and that the Constitution did not forbid the exercise by the nation of the law of self-preser-

vation. To such men, these were not open questions.

Perhaps that part of the biography devoted to the pitiful failures of McClellan is one of the most interesting in the work. Some may think too much emphasis is laid on McClellan's shortcomings. But an author must be in sympathy with his subject. This is a Life of Stanton. Stanton and McClellan were as unlike in temperaments, characters, and methods as it is possible to imagine. Stanton is certainly just the background against which McClellan's weaknesses are most sharply defined, and the latter's crookedness seems particularly perverse as seen against the absolute straightforwardness of the Secretary of War.

When, on January 13, 1862, Stanton was transferred by Lincoln from the office of Attorney-General to that of Secretary of the War Department, he did not accept the latter place till he had called upon McClellan for advice, — so says McClellan in his "Own Story." Both were Union Democrats, whose relations were known to be friendly, and Stanton's restless energy and strong will seemed to promise an aggressive course against the enemies of the government from that time forth. Northern newspapers and men of all parties hailed the appointment with joy and fresh hope. He was a lawyer, with a knowledge of just what powers the Constitution gave to the government; and his contention was that Congress possessed the war-making power without limit, and that the President was vested by Congress with full authority to do all that may be done in civilized warfare. It was through his influence that Lincoln at length asserted himself as *de facto* Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. In the words of Mr. Gorham, Stanton was gifted with the rarest executive faculty, which, while keeping the main object in view, masters the knowledge of all details, divides the labor between wisely selected subordinates, and energizes their action by his own vigilant supervision and by holding them to a strict accountability for their work. He seems to have had his eye constantly on every part of the field of national affairs in any way connected with his department. He knew all about the vessels and forts in our command, the size of every gun, and how it was mounted; he knew the condition of health of every officer; he had "feelers" in all directions. He was all day at his post, and late into the night; not infrequently morning found him still on duty. He went to the front, or half across the conti-

ment, when necessary for investigation or consultation. He was one of those rare men who seem made of iron, and are utterly tireless and sleepless in the service of whatever cause they have at heart.

There is not time to rehearse the thrilling scenes of the war, nor is it necessary here. The story never grows old, and it is set forth in this Life with spirit and fairness. Lincoln's patience, which to men of Stanton's type ceased to be a virtue, when, although he believed McClellan had played false to the army and had contributed to Pope's defeat, he still kept him in command, is well portrayed. Stanton's fight for the country against Johnson, and his death just after his appointment by Grant as a Justice of the Supreme Court in December, 1869, with many kindred matters, are given in detail, and constitute one of the most thrilling portions of the biography.

The second volume is largely devoted to the question of Reconstruction. Stanton was the only member of the cabinet who totally repudiated Johnson's scheme of reconstruction. He stated his opinions with great clearness, and never lost sight of the mischievous tactics of Seward and Johnson. When the Attorney-General gave an opinion which would have made the Reconstruction Act a nullity and restored the rebel element to power, the supplementary Reconstruction Act was promptly passed, at the suggestion of Stanton, which made it unequivocally certain that Congress, as the war power of the government, must be obeyed. Federal officials in the South continued their efforts to get rid of the military orders of commanding generals by invoking the civil power, but they were promptly advised that the military authorities were absolutely supreme. The President was commander-in-chief of the armies, but his champions forgot that in this case Congress had relieved him from that duty. It was in dealing with this question that Stanton overhauled the action of the government from the beginning respecting the authority of the Secretary of War. This he did at the request of the Committee on the Conduct of the War. He found that under the law the several chiefs of the bureaus in the War Department, including the Adjutant-General, were subordinates of the Secretary of War, and that all orders to them should go through him. This rule considerably extended the authority of the Secretary of War, and General Grant hesitated at first to follow it, as did Generals Scott, Schofield, and Sherman. But the care-

ful statement of the case, as presented by Stanton, brought them to his way of thinking, and the rule which had prevailed for more than a hundred years was abrogated.

From a literary standpoint, the second volume is not equal to the first. It lacks smoothness, and evidently did not receive the pruning that was given to Volume I. This is not the final Life of Edwin M. Stanton; but the work is conscientiously and sympathetically done, and it contains the material from which in time a more concise and popular biography will be compiled. It is a healthy and inspiring story, and one that young men especially should ponder. As the friends who have sat with you about the family hearthstone have helped to create the atmosphere of your home, and as the visits of certain rarely-gifted souls seem to leave a sort of blessed influence behind which you feel long after they have passed beyond your porch, so the knowledge of such lives as this, so full of consecration and zeal and high endeavor, adds to our sense of the preciousness of our government and of the worth of human nature.

The stamp of the Riverside Press denotes that from a mechanical point of view the book is without a flaw; and the illustrations and facsimiles add much to its interest and value.

GEORGE W. JULIAN.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The latest from Lafcadio Hearn. One may take Mr. Lafcadio Hearn's "Exotics and Retrospectives" (Little, Brown, & Co.), or at least the last half of it, as a contribution to science, if one likes. Some people, when they read these derivations from ancestral feeling of our pleasure at red sunsets, at the blue of the sky (as in other things), will like to compare them with those evolutionary speculations on the color-sense of which Mr. Grant Allen's books, now twenty years old, are interesting examples. But perhaps that is taking it too seriously — not for Mr. Hearn, but for the reader; one may prefer to be reminded of M. Maeterlinck's "in the very temple of love we do but obey the unvarying orders of an invisible throne." We do not mention these two names with any idea that Mr. Hearn's treatment of Heredity, if we may so call it, was suggested either by Mr. Allen or M. Maeterlinck. We suppose it most probable that Mr. Hearn was led to form his opinions by the general tendencies of the thought of Japan; and, indeed, we hope that this is the case, for, if so, we have rather an interesting coincidence. M. Maeterlinck is a descendant of the Christian mystics of the middle ages; Mr. Allen is a follower

of Darwin. Mr. Hearn by the thought of the East comes to some of the same conclusions. There is probably some mutual influence; but this is only an example of what is otherwise well known — namely, that the tendencies of Eastern, Mystic, and Evolutionary philosophies are in more than minor points alike. It is not proper, however, to leave the idea in mind that in Mr. Hearn's latest book we have merely the popular development of a philosophic theory. The last half of the book, the "Retrospectives," does consist of a series of studies of this sort, suggested by various little things which naturally occur in an Eastern life and have their analogies in our own. And as Mr. Hearn holds very strongly to the opinion that we are largely the result of the known causes which in ages past have gone to our making, the first part of the book is naturally not without color of the same idea. Otherwise the "Exotics" are not connected, but are different Japanese sketches, one of an ascent of Fuji, one of singing insects, one on the Literature of the Dead, and on other matters, all very distinctive and very distinctly of Mr. Hearn's quality, though some of them are more categorical than is usual with him. Still, all are good, for Mr. Hearn always writes with that intimate sentiment of comprehension that comes from his real knowledge and appreciation of Japan, which is probably surer than that of any other Englishman or American. For ourselves, we rather prefer the "Exotics"; with the "Retrospectives" we are constantly oppressed by the existence of a pervasive, half-apparent philosophical theory, which we cannot define and put into form, at least not without more material than is here offered us. But the other sketches — or fantasias, as Mr. Hearn calls them — are by no means without their interest, even to those who care nothing for their philosophy.

Railroading up-to-date. Messrs. Merwin-Webster's narrative of "The Short Line War" (Macmillan) is a good thing to read as far as the story is concerned, but we fear its moral effect cannot be of the best. The chief figure is not presented to us as a noble-minded ideal of our own time, but as a sort of Homeric hero, more like Ulysses than Ajax as suits the march of modern intellect. He wishes to defend the Short Line, and that end covers all means. He fights the unscrupulous bribes of his opponents with more bribes; when they buy one judge to issue injunctions, he gets another; when they hire rowdies to capture trains and stations, he hires other rowdies to recapture them. What a lesson for the youth of America! Success comes of meeting political fraud, judicial corruption, and open violence, with more fraud, more corruption, more violence. Trifling aside, however, this is the weak part of the book: Jim Weeks, the paladin of the Western railroad world, is no different from anybody else; he is only a little more so than most. In other words he is not a person but an abstraction. The creation of characters is not so easy as

the telling of stories, so that it is not remarkable that the authors of "The Short Line War" have been more successful in giving us a rattling account of plot and counter-plot than in really conveying to us an idea of the railroad champion, his devoted young secretary, and the beautiful maiden who wanders charming and unsustained, somewhat perplexed though never shocked, through a jarring labyrinth of utter unmorality. In spite of all this, we are not much afraid of recommending the work to our readers as a summer diversion. It is to be regarded as one of the realistic extravaganzas which the present romanticism has called to light. We must not think of it as a transcript of life, but must look at it in the spirit in which Charles Lamb viewed the Restoration drama. So regarding it, we may easily enjoy the *verve* and cleverness of the authors, without being shocked at their lack of high principle and moral impulse.

*An entertaining
truthful book on
Empress Eugénie.*

Miss Clara Tschudi's popular sketch of "Eugénie, Empress of the French" (Macmillan), is characterized by the same good qualities that we noted in our comments on her life of Marie Antoinette. Mr. E. M. Cope is again the translator, and English readers may well thank him for making the books of this talented Norwegian writer thus accessible. Miss Tschudi is one of the easiest and pleasantest of narrators; and we remember what a relief it was to read her clear, just, and unpretentious little monograph on Marie Antoinette shortly after having waded through (or well into) a two-volume Serbonian bog of verbiage and labored special-pleading, in which a lachrymose and tireless Frenchman tried to make a heroine of that bad sovereign and trumpery character. Miss Tschudi is not profound or exhaustive, and does not pretend to be. She writes mainly to entertain, and she tries honestly to write the truth. Her book is sympathetic, yet she is aware of Eugénie's faults; and she does not try to gloss them. We do not, however, think she has sufficiently emphasized the fact that the Empress was largely to blame for the heartless, spectacular way in which the ill-starred Prince Imperial was thrust into danger whenever a scrap of political capital or cheap popularity was to be gained by it. The farcical "baptism of fire" business at Saarbrück was prompted and approved by Eugénie. Think of setting this mere child on the firing line to be "potted at" by the Germans, in order that a sensational *petit-Napoleonic* bulletin might be sent to Paris! Miss Tschudi may be right in stating that the Empress opposed the titular Prince Imperial's fatal expedition to Africa in 1879; but such is not our conception of the matter. At all events, the adventure was at bottom a contemptible "grandstand play," in popular phraseology; and the Zulus were least of all to blame for its issue. Miss Tschudi's book seems to us the most readable and the least misleading of the popular ones on the subject. There is a pretty frontispiece portrait in colors.

*More of the
Bible Dictionary.*

The second volume of Prof. Hastings's great "Dictionary of the Bible" (Scribner) continues the impression made by the first. To it falls a number of matters among the most important in Biblical study, and the mere enumeration of subjects of some of the papers—Flood, Galatia, Genealogy, God, Gospels, Epistle to the Hebrews, Hell, Hexateuch, Incarnation, Isaiah, Jesus Christ, the Johannine writings—will show the influence it is certain to have upon future religious teachings. As in the preceding volume, the point of view is thoroughly modern, but the treatment is reverent—perhaps all the more so in that no attempt is made to brush away or blink difficulties. Sometimes the conservative will feel this frankness is perhaps a little over-frank, as in the article upon Genealogy; but the radical will find little to his liking, so sober is the work in all the important papers. Occasionally, as is natural, one feels a trifle disappointed, as in the article upon the Gospels; and at other times it is hard to feel the wisdom of taking space for discussions of some of the more obsolete words (like "glisten") of the Authorized Version. But there can be nothing but admiration for an article like that upon Jesus Christ, in which there is maintained an almost impossible balance between caution and absolute liberty in investigation. It marks a long step forward in the evangelical-critical study of this most important subject. The difference in spirit between English Old and New Testament criticism is well shown by a comparison of the papers on the Hexateuch and the Gospel of John; while those upon Jerusalem and the Herods are good examples of unbiased archaeological and historical studies. Taken altogether, there is little but praise for the volume, and for the work as a whole.

*Study of
Economics
in schools.*

The series of "Economic Studies," published as a bi-monthly periodical by the American Economic Association (Macmillan), is now in its fifth year, and numbers a score or more of valuable monographs. The latest of them is the work of Mr. Frederick R. Clow, and has for its subject "Economics as a School Study." It will be remembered that the Committee of Ten reported adversely to the inclusion of economics in secondary school work, and that Dr. F. H. Dixon has made a notable plea for economic history as a substitute for economic science in secondary education. Mr. Clow, on the other hand, presents a brief for economic science; and his argument is, we believe, incontrovertible. Both for knowledge and for disciplinary power, economics is of the highest value for young persons about to be graduated from secondary schools, and Mr. Clow has made the most convincing statement in behalf of this proposition that we have ever seen. There is a world of truth, moreover, in his statement that recent "discussions have left the fundamentals of the science unchanged," and that the traditional arrangement of the subject is still the proper frame-

work within which the teacher may work. This monograph should fall into the hands of every teacher of the subject in our high schools and colleges.

*Recreations
of a lawyer.*

To turn from law to literature has been the recreation and delight of many a man at the bar, from the time of Bacon and Fletcher of Saltoun to the present, so far as English is concerned. To follow the thought of Mr. Clarence S. Darrow through the five essays which make up the book named from the first of them "A Persian Pearl" (The Roycroft Shop), is to find the critical faculty of the lawyer at its best. To Omar Khayyâm, to Walt Whitman, and to Robert Burns, Mr. Darrow brings a fine sense of analysis coupled with a vivifying sympathy which proves his own enjoyment of those three writers, different as are their several appeals. From them to a strong plea for "Realism in Art" is not a long step, and the brief for realism is argued out with good humor and a perfect understanding of the necessity for idealism as well. Of another and more personal sort is "The Skeleton in the Closet." The skeleton is an uncomfortable combination of desecrated ideals and a bad conscience, with an insistent plea for the betterment of character almost as insistently disregarded by its possessor. The book as a whole leaves a pleasant impression of broad and catholic interests in life.

*A capital
Hibernian
jest-book.*

Pleasurable emotions not a few await the reader of Mr. Michael MacDonagh's stories of "Irish Life and Character" (Whittaker), among them the occasional joy of meeting an old friend. We do not mean to carp at Mr. MacDonagh for introducing now and then a good old favorite; but he really might have spared us Sir Boyle Roche's bird—which seems to have the gift of being in as many places in literature at once as has, say, Mr. Andrew Lang. Mr. MacDonagh attempts in his book to do for Ireland what Dean Ramsay has done in his "Reminiscences" for Scotland. He has given us, at all events, a capital Hibernian jest-book, which shows "Pat" as he really is, with all his delightful native wit and simplicity, and not as the caricaturists of the comic "Weeklies" paint him. The book is a faithful mirror of the lighter traits of Irish character, and its popularity is attested by the fact that it has now reached a second edition.

*A woman on a
Western ranch.*

The great West is the paradise of the health-seeker. Mrs. Edith M. Nicholl's "Observations of a Ranch-woman in New Mexico" (Macmillan) is what an acute observer, on a search for physical strength, jotted down as of general interest. She gives us a sketch of the Mexican on his native heath, of his methods of work, and the results he achieves. The politics and sectionalism of the territory are submitted to the caustic criticism of her ready pen. The enchanting scenery, the equable climate, and

the special attractions of the country engage her attention through many pages. As long as the author confines her attention to the peculiarities and conditions about her, she can carry along the intelligent reader; but when she attempts to dilate on wages, education, our help, and such themes, weariness and monotony take the place of interest. The earlier half of the book is a contribution of some value on affairs in that section of the frontier.

BRIEFER MENTION.

A reproduction of the designs made by William Blake to illustrate Thornton's Virgil (1821) is sent us by Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, in the form of one of the most beautiful volumes that bear his imprint. The meagre material afforded by these designs alone is pieced out by means of an introduction, some notes, Samuel Palmer's translation of the first eclogue, and the imitative eclogue of "Thenot and Colinet," by Ambrose Philips, the whole, aided by thick paper with generous margins, forming a sizable octavo volume. The work is, we need hardly say, a delight to the book-lover's sense.

Volume IX. of the "Harvard Studies in Classical Philology" (Ginn) is in a certain sense a memorial volume to Professors Lane and Allen, who left among their manuscripts "several papers in different stages of completion." Portraits of both men are given, as well as memoirs, Professor Morgan writing of Lane and Professor Geenough of Allen. This matter fills about one-third of the volume; the remaining contents are by several hands, and relate mainly to various aspects of the work of Plautus.

The Boston Public Library has just made an important contribution to scientific literature in the publication of "A Selected Bibliography of the Anthropology and Ethnology of Europe, compiled by Dr. William Z. Ripley. Dr. Ripley has had much learned collaboration in his task, and the result is a volume of 160 pages, comprising about 2000 titles. The interesting statement is made that all of the works mentioned (excepting possibly five per cent) are on the shelves of the library whence this bibliography issues. In a sense, the present work is a companion volume to Dr. Ripley's forthcoming treatise on "The Races of Europe."

"The International Year Book" for 1898, published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., is "a compendium of the world's progress in every department of human knowledge for the year." It has been edited by Professors Frank Moore Colby and Harry Thurston Peck, and is an octavo volume of nearly a thousand pages. The arrangement is alphabetical. There are numerous maps and illustrations. The Spanish-American War, the African complications, the affairs of Crete and Greece, are a few of the subjects dealt with at much length. The work will be found very useful for reference, and to supplement the encyclopedias. We trust that it will be continued annually.

The American Book Co. send us a "Latin Prose Composition," based on Cæsar, Nepos, and Cicero, by Messrs. C. C. Dodge and H. A. Tuttle; "The Beginner's Latin Book," by Mr. James B. Smiley and Miss Helen L. Storke; and a text of Eutropius, edited for school use by Dr. J. C. Hazzard.

LITERARY NOTES.

Chamisso's "Peter Schlemihl," in Dr. Hedge's translation, has just been published by Messrs. Ginn & Co. in a small volume intended for school use.

The second series of Dr. Edward Moore's "Studies in Dante" will be published at once by the Clarendon Press. These papers relate chiefly to the poet considered as a religious teacher.

"The Story of the Thirteen Colonies" and "The Story of the Great Republic," both by Miss H. A. Guerber, are two history readers for schools, published by the American Book Co.

Milton's "Comus, Lycidas, and Other Poems," and Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," both edited for school use by Mr. A. J. George, are the latest volumes in the "Pocket English Classics," published by the Macmillan Co.

Volume LVII. of "The Century Magazine," for the half-year ending last April, has just been sent us by the publishers. The recent war naturally occupies the chief place of interest among the contents, and makes the volume particularly valuable as a work of reference.

A sheaf of recent reports from the Field Columbian Museum include four numbers in the geological series, and five in the zoological series. They relate, for the most part, to investigations of the fossils and the living fauna of the Western States, the chief exception being an account of "The Ores of Colombia."

Mr. Henry W. Elson's "Side Lights on American History" (Macmillan) is a good book to be put in the hands of young students for collateral reading. It deals, simply and interestingly, with nearly a score of subjects, among them being the alien and sedition laws, the conspiracy of Burr, Lafayette's visit to the United States, the Underground Railroad, and the Lincoln-Douglas debates.

Still another edition of Fitz Gerald's "Omar" has been issued by Mr. T. B. Mosher, whose imprint has come to mean so much to lovers of beautiful books. It is an oblong tome of vest pocket dimensions, with a preface by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, a pronouncing vocabulary, the text of the so-called fifth edition, and the notes of the translator. All of this may be had for the modest sum of twenty-five cents.

Messrs. Small, Maynard, & Co. announce that they have acquired the greater part of the publications of Messrs. Copeland & Day, who are retiring from business. The list is a good one, comprising books by Father Tabb, Messrs. Bliss Carman, Richard Burton, Miss Rayner, and Miss Guiney, besides Mr. Rosenfeld's "Songs from the Ghetto," and the exquisitely printed "English Love Sonnet" series. Miss Alice Brown's two volumes, "Meadow Grass" and "On the Road to Castaly," have been taken over by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the publishers of Miss Brown's recent successful "Tiverton Tales."

Mr. Charles A. Eggert, of the Chicago High Schools, has sent us reprints of two of his recent papers — one on Molière's "Misanthrope" from "Modern Language Notes," and one on Goethe from "Americana Germanica." The latter is a reply to "The Case against Goethe," by Professor Dowden, and protests vigorously against the plea of that essay, although it seems to us that Professor Dowden's position as an *advocatus diaboli* in that case is not clearly enough recognized. In other words, the English scholar holds practically the view of

Mr. Eggert, although for the special purpose of his essay he assumed a hypercritical standpoint. Mr. Eggert's two papers are interesting to us not alone for their intrinsic value, but still more so as illustrating the tendency of our secondary teachers to do good scholarly work. The number of men in our secondary schools who can do such work is growing yearly, and would grow much more rapidly were our school authorities wise enough to attract scholars to these posts by giving them the same freedom in their work as is accorded to instructors in the colleges.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 92 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- The Life of William Morris. By J. W. Mackail. In 2 vols., illus. in photogravure, etc., 8vo, uncut. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$7.50 net.
- Reminiscences of the King of Roumania. Edited from the original, with an Introduction, by Sidney Whitman. Authorized edition; with portrait, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 367. Harper & Brothers. \$3.
- Eugénie, Empress of the French: A Popular Sketch. By Clara Tschudi; authorized translation from the Norwegian by E. M. Cope. With portrait in colors, 8vo, uncut, pp. 283. Macmillan Co. \$3.
- The Life of Maximilien Robespierre, with Extracts from his Unpublished Correspondence. By George Henry Lewes. New edition; illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 398. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- Cosimo de' Medici. By K. Dorothea Ewart. 12mo, pp. 240. "Foreign Statesmen." Macmillan Co. 75 cts.

HISTORY.

- Reminiscences of the Santiago Campaign. By John Bigelow, Jr. With map, 12mo, pp. 188. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.
- Side Lights on American History. By Henry W. Elson. A.M. 16mo, pp. 398. Macmillan Co. 75 cts.
- Outline of Historical Method. By Fred Morrow Flinn, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 124. Lincoln, Nebr.: J. H. Miller. 60 cts.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Henrik Ibsen — Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson: Critical Studies. By George Brandes. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 171. Macmillan Co. \$2.50.
- Lady Louisa Stuart: Selections from her Manuscripts. Edited by Hon. James Home. With portrait, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 310. Harper & Brothers. \$2.
- The Baronet and the Butterfly: A Valentine with a Verdict. By James McNeil Whistler. 8vo, uncut, pp. 79. R. H. Russell. \$1.25.
- Greek Sculpture with Story and Song. By Albinia Wherry. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 322. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

- The Poetry of Lord Byron. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. Vol. II.; illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 325. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.
- The Works of Shakespeare, "Eversley" edition. Edited by C. H. Herford. Litt.D. Vol. V.; 12mo, uncut, pp. 542. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- Scott's Waverley Novels, "Temple" edition. New vols.: Woodstock (2 vols.), The Talisman, and The Betrothed. Each with photogravure frontispiece, 24mo, gilt top. Charles Scribner's Sons. Per vol., 80 cts.
- FitzGerald's Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Vest Pocket edition. With Preface by Nathan Haskell Dole. 32mo, uncut, pp. 50. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. Paper, 25 cts. net.
- The Life of Friedrich Schiller. By Thomas Carlyle. "Centenary" edition; illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 337. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

POETRY.

- Sea Drift. By Grace Ellery Channing. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 90. Small, Maynard, & Co. \$1.50.
 An Ode to Girlhood, and Other Poems. By Alice Archer Sewell. With frontispiece, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 73. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

FICTION.

- That Fortune. By Charles Dudley Warner. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 304. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.
 Rldan the Devil, and Other Stories. By Louis Becke. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 330. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.
 The Heart of Miranda, and Other Stories, being Mostly Winter Tales. By H. B. Marriott Watson. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 335. John Lane. \$1.25.
 The Hooligan Nights: Being the Life and Opinions of a Young and Unrepentant Criminal Recounted by himself, as Set Forth by Clarence Rook. 12mo, pp. 276. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.
 The Duke's Servants: A Romance. By Sidney Herbert Burchell. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 306. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.
 A Lost Lady of Old Years: A Romance. By John Buchan. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 366. John Lane. \$1.50.
 A Man from the North. By E. A. Bennett. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 265. John Lane. \$1.25.
 A Princess of Vascony. By John Oxenham. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 340. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.25.
 A Cosmopolitan Comedy. By Anna Robeson Brown. 12mo, pp. 304. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.; paper, 50 cts.
 Mary Cameron: A Romance of Fisherman's Island. By Edith A. Sawyer; with Foreword by Harriet Prescott Spofford. With frontispiece, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 220. Boston: Benj. H. Sanborn & Co. \$1.
 The Sixth Sense, and Other Stories. By Margaret Sutton Briscoe. Illus., 12mo, pp. 274. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.
 Sun Beetles: A Comedy of Nickname Land. By Thomas Pinkerton. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 301. John Lane. \$1.25.
 Of Necessity. By H. M. Gilbert. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 276. John Lane. \$1.25.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

- G. W. Dillingham Co.'s Metropolitan Library: Dry Bread; or, The Reign of Selfishness. By Samuel Walker. 12mo, pp. 448. 50 cts.
 G. W. Dillingham Co.'s American Authors Library: Lock and Key. By James M. Galloway. 12mo, pp. 407. 50c.
 F. Tennyson Neely's Popular Library: Love Multiplied. By Rena A. Locke. 12mo, pp. 393. 25 cts.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

- Two Women in the Klondike: The Story of a Journey to the Gold-Fields of Alaska. By Mary E. Hitchcock. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 485. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.
 Alaska: Its History and Resources, Gold Fields, Routes, and Scenery. By Miner Bruce. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Illus., 8vo, pp. 237. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.
 Alaska and the Klondike: A Journey to the New Eldorado, with Hints to the Traveller. By Angelo Heilprin, F.R.G.S. Illus., 12mo, pp. 315. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.75.
 Puerto Rico: Its Conditions and Possibilities. By William Dinwiddie. Illus., 8vo, pp. 294. Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.
 The Trail of the Goldseekers: A Record of Travel in Prose and Verse. By Hamlin Garland. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 264. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
 Lee's Guide to Gay "Parée" and Every-Day French Conversation. Specially compiled for American Tourists by Max Maury, A.B. Illus., 24mo, gilt edges, pp. 177. Laird & Lee. \$1.

NATURE AND OUT-OF-DOOR BOOKS.

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